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rities. She heads the middle-class of fiction by reason of deft craftsmanship, a real instinct for characterisation and plot, and a very genuine knowledge of the life of her time in the drawing-room, the country-house, the studio and the stage.

As a superlative example of the uttermost bathos of the Victorian novel I quote from the pages of *Irene Iddesleigh*, a romance written in the early 'nineties by the garrulous and incoherent pen of Mrs. Amanda McKittrick Ross. Here is Mrs. Ross's conception of a domestic quarrel. An infuriated husband is speaking:—

Was I duped to ascend the ladder of liberty,
the hill of harmony, the tree of triumph, and the

rock of regard, and, when wildly manifesting my act of ascension, was I to be informed of treading still in the valley of defeat! Speak! Irene! wife! woman! Do not sit in silence and allow the blood that now boils in my veins to ooze through cavities of unrestrained passion, and trickle down to drench me with its crimson hue!

Now and again one hears the plaint of a young woman of to-day, "I want a really strong man, who will master me." Does she mean that she is pining for a brute who will kick her? No, she is wistfully recalling, by a process of atavism, the sombre, saturnine, idiotic Victorian hero and the simpering, sloppy, sentimental Victorian heroine who talked like books—and never existed outside their pages.—*Everyman, London.*

AN EXTRACT FROM "BRITISH POETS IN INDIA".

THOMAS FRANK BIGNOLD

Bignold created that unexampled quatrain which will do more than potential universities and political agitators to immortalize Eastern Bengal.—ED.

Our Church as at present it stands
Has no congregation, nor steeple;
The Lands are all low lying lands
And the people are low lying people.

—*The Calcutta Review.*